

2^t

THE

Black-Bird's

TALE.

A

POEM.

Ag't ye Whigs & their party

—Si monitis, tardas adverteret aures,
Heu! referet quanto verba dolore mea:

Prop. I. i.

The Second Edition Corrected and Enlarged
by the same Author.

L O N D O N:

Printed by E. Powell, in Blackfriars near
Ludgate, and sold by the Booksellers.

Price Two Pence.

1. July. 1710.

THE
BLACK-BIRD'S
TATE.

A
M E O P

Si monitis, et adiutoriis
Hoc! acferat duximusque oportere meo.
Prop. F. I.

The Edition of the
of the same subject.

London:

Printed by G. Foulis, in Brington street, near
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Price Two Shillings.
1711.

Sit
In
And

886



Good bird to catch us magwatics
Could fight a lion with wings
On force as before our race;
We used have you set aside,
But still have you, if you will,
Then bid me I decide.
Good old BLACKBIRD, whose
Retreat



*Had long been near a Noble Seat,
Seeing the MISTRESS of the
Dome
Sit in her Arbour all alone,
In Humble manner to her came,
And thus accosts the pensive DAME.*

MADAM, you know, I and my *Kind,*
 Have been your *Birds Time out of Mind;*
 Not *Summers Heat,* nor *Winters Storms,*
 Nor *Fowlers Gins,* nor *Night Alarms,*
 Not all their *New-invented Snares,*
 Contriv'd to catch us unawares,
 Could fright us from our *Native Place,*
 Or force us to desert your *RACE;*
 We never have you yet *betray'd,*
 But still have *suffer'd,* or *obey'd.*

Then pardon me whilst I declare,
 What much concerns you now to hear.

Parrots, and Jays, and chattering Pies,
 May sooth you with their *Tales and Lies;*
 Canary Birds with artful Throats
 Amuse you with deluding Notes,
 And other Birds more false than they,
 May sing, as *Soldiers fight, for Pay.*

[3]

But should you want 'em, take my Word,
They'll all forsake you, to a Bird, ^{that} ~~is~~ ^{not} ~~in~~ ^{the} ~~ne~~ ^{the} ~~ne~~
The Birds in your own Garden bind, ^{it off} ~~it off~~
And near your *Mansion*, hatch'd and fed, ^{she} ~~she~~
Whose Honest Undesigning Hearts, ^{in the} ~~in the~~
Are Proof against all Tricks and ^{and} ~~and~~, ^{to} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~the~~
Whom Native Love and Duty bind, ^{the} ~~the~~
You'll always Just and Faithful find; ^{such birds} ~~such birds~~
Such Birds have no vile Ends in view, ^{she} ~~she~~
But now and always will be true, ^{to} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~the~~
When ^{you} ~~you~~ ^{are} ~~are~~ ⁱⁿ ~~in~~ ^{your} ~~your~~ ^{Eaves} ^{The} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~the~~
How comes it then, that here I see ^{with} ~~with~~
A mixt amphibious Progeny? ^{which won't do} ~~which won't do~~
And only ~~bit~~ ^{strange} ~~strange~~ ^{bits} ~~bits~~ in the Place, ^{to} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~the~~
Your Native Birds were wont to grace, ⁱⁿ ~~in~~
The LINNET, and the cheerful LARK, ^{and} ~~and~~
That us'd to chant around your Park, ⁱⁿ ~~in~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~the~~
The sweet Tong'd FINCHES, and the THRUSH, ⁱⁿ ~~in~~
That have so oft charm'd every Bush, ⁱⁿ ~~in~~
A ; Can

Can hardly find a Twig to flay you blome ^{the} But
 Their grateful Welcomes to the Spring ^{they} yet
 The Nightingales and faithful Dove ^{she} still
 Have all forsaken your Spring and Grove, but A
 And in their sad desart Notes complain How ^{the} W
 Of your Unkindehand He left Disdign ^{the} poor ^{the} A
 The Robin, Ramble and the Wren ^{the} W
 Birds that associat most with Men is now Y
 Have left your House, and alerigone such ^{the} S
 To some more Hospitable Domes ^{the} But now B
 The very Sparrows in your Eaves,
 Altho' indeed Domestick This ^{the} How
 Do now with reason clamorous loud, ^{the} A
 To see how Strangers eat their Food ^{the} no b
 Nay, even your Cocks, of High Renowm Y
 That have so many Battell ^{the} was, ^{the} L
 Neglected dayly their Weapons ^{the} You b
 And hys ^{the} prospects but to die ^{the} w
 Their Comb and Gilt ^{the} that were so red ^{the} L
 Are now grown Pale and withered :

Whilst

((5d))

Whilst **Mungrels** revel in your Pens,
And half-bred **Crabens** tread your Hens.

Oh **Magistrate**, who'd have thought your
Grange,

Could e'er have suffer'd such a **Change**?

Instead of **Birds** and **Fowls** of **Use**,

That have so long adorn'd your **Houſe**,

Now **Jackdaws** on your **Turret's** **prate**,

And **Rooks** now manage your **Estate**,

Devouring **Crows** perch on the **Oak**

Where **Ravens** us'd to **croak**,

And from their boading **Beaks** foretel

If all things here should happen well;

Buzzards and **Kites**, with pointed **Claws**,

Now mangle and pervert your **Laws**,

And **Hawks** or **Coots**, with addle **Pates**,

Are Senators and Magistrates;

Who, lost as well the **Sense** as **Shame**,

Transact such **Things** I dread to name,

110

A 4

And

(65)

And to your Face, to say are bold,
That you your DAME Precarious hold.
The Kingfishers curse on the Brood, M no
That suck'd your Noble GRANDSIRE's Blood,
And uncontroll'd as they can wish,
Pillage your Ponds and steal your Fish
Nay if what some affirm be true,
Would do the very same by you.
Bitterns and Herons with thievish Bills
Infest your Brooks, destroy your Eels
And eat the Spawn, and catch the Fry,
As they against the Current lie ;
Sea-pies and Gulls your House surround,
And all your Corn and Fruits confound
And foreign Birds of the worst Kind
To you, are by your Foes consign'd
And just like Egypt's Locusts come
Into your very Lodging Room.

LNA

A A

Oh!

(7)

Oh! MADAM, who can bear't, that sees
The ~~Woo~~odpecker, that kill your Trees,
Creep in each Hole, each Gnarly wench,
And there their pilfering young Ones hatch,
Those little *Varmis* too, ~~Cousin~~,
That liv'd like *Sheyts* by their Wits,
Now Strut and Swagger up and down,
As tho' your House was all their own.
The Catknew, whom the Gods design'd
Only to vex and plague Mankind,
Here Shelter and Protection find;
And publickly from every Tree,
Repeat their fulsom Ribaldry.
All Sorts and Kinds of vicious scoundrels,
And Birds of Night, even Darts and Djinns,
Higher in dreadful Flocks resort,
And near your Mansion keep their Court;
When other Birds are gone to sleep,
Here they their *Midnight Rebels* keep;

And

And in a wild confused Throng,
 To dangerous Flights they train their Young;
 And here in Hellish Consults joyn,
 To ruin You and all your LINE.
 And where their bilious young O'er pass.

Oh! MADAM, MADAM, take my Word,
 I am your true and faithful Bird;
 If you permit these Clerks long,
 For you at last they'll grow too strong.
 Then you'll reflect, when tis too late,
 And you can only mourn your Fate.

The SWANS (JOVE's Birds) have took their Flight,

And all good Birds will leave you quite,
 Nay, if these Med'cines you pursue,
 Even Jove himself will leave you too.
 Provok'd too far, at last he must,
 To You and to himself be just;
 And in their Power unmercifully leave you,

Who now, and always will deceiv you.

bNA

The

The anxious Dame, that silent sat
 And heard the honest Bird relate
 This doleful Tale, replies at last, as thus I
 " Who banishes you to other parts?" said she
 " All you have said is true," says I
 " But cannot help my self or you.

And here she sigh'd, and made a pause till
 " To tell you once the cause of all her woe
 " I have been flattered, and caressed by
 " And often, by my friends, shown such a fond
 " — If every body's to grieve you, Ensign
 " — Caress your Face, and trust your Friends
 " — Your Friends' Disrespect can move A
 " — They'll be your Friends; because they do;
 " But if your Friends shan't take things ill, woe
 " They'll be your Friends, because they will.
 " These are a troub'ling Part, but
 " And should they meet the least Controul,

" To

" To Arms and Tumults they would fly,
 " Or any dangerous Methods try.
 " What then must be the Consequence,
 " I leave to any Bird of Sense. T h u c o b s i d e
 " By this, and such Advice oversway'd,
 " I gave Consent to be betray'd by you. H A
 But consider you q[uo]d i[m]pro[ve]d
 The Birds to this in haste replied, I said to her
 Good MADAM, That your Mutual Crimes, T
 The PARTRIDGES, PHEASANT, and the QUAILS,
 Fowls that were never known to rail, H A
 And all the Fowl, though Wild and tame, H —
 Or good for Food, unfit for Game, C —
 And every Bird that has so long a way —
 Recorded you ingrateful Song, H yet T —
 Low at your Feet do prostrate fall, Y i n B
 And with one Voice for Justice call; H yet T
 And further, they declare by me, H yet T
 That if you will your Danger see, H A
 oT And

(11)

And this pernicious *Counsel* shun,
Before both you and they're undone,
They'll joyn, and powerfully assist you,
Against all those that dare resist you.

They had went on in their *Debate*,
But in there stalks a *Fowl* of State,
A *Peacock*, whom the *Junto* sent
To watch which way the *LADY* went,
And send them swift *Advice*, if she
With any *BIRD* or *Fowl* should be,
That *Vertue* had or *Privity*.

MADAM, says he, your *Friends* within;
Admire where you so long have been,
And more, what Busines you can have
With this old *Useless*, *Canting Slave*.

" Oh! says the *DAME*, he's told a *TALE*;
" That in my *Thoughts* will long prevail;
" And

MADRAS

" And sure, had you your self been here,
 " It would affect you much to hear.

To this with Scorn the Fop replies,

We know in Tales his Talent lies,
 But we his Tales, and him despise ;
 His sawcy Tales, what e'er they be,
 Will never weigh at all with me.
 Besides, it is no proper Season,
 To hear these High-flown BLACKBIRDS reason
 You must not hear these DOTARDS prate,
 Of things that solely now relate

To us, the only FOWLS of STATE,

You will have Leisure e'er tis long,
 To listen to their Tales, and Song.

The prudent Bird, that ill could bear,
 To hear this Pedant Domineer.
 Replies, vain Sir, indecent Words;
 Do very ill become fine Birds.

Manners

But Y O U are U O Y the
 Suit best with B o n d s of Q u a l i t y ,
 For us we have
 You give me Heaven to tell you plain, here,
 I value not your high D i f f a c t u a l

I S L A M ,
 If you mislead this N o b l e D a m e ,
 You and your friends will bear the Blame,
 Let me advise you then to try
 No more your Dang'rous Heights to fly,
Lest, thus provok'd, we all agree
 To set our injur'd M i s t r e s s free,
 And strip you of each borrow'd Plume,
 That you to swagger in presume.

S Y L V A

Here the Bird stop'd, and bowing low,
 Hear me, ye Gods! this pond'rous Vow;
 May your S u c c e s s i o n never fail,
 Nor C r o w d s nor I m p i o u s A r m s prevail;

But

((14))

But Y O U and your ~~Majestous~~ D o m e ,
For many A g e s yet to come ,
Freed from ~~Faith~~ Friends and false Advice ,
In Spurles E a r M E still higher rise ,
Till you shall late ascend the Skies .

At this the Haughty Peacock started ,
The Bird hopt off , and so they parted .

To set out in my M a g i c a l r a i s e
And first you of course H a p p i n e s s
Depart you to swagge in pleasure .

F I N I S:

